

RESTORATION

VOL. VIII.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—MAY, 1955

No. 6.

Yukon Trio Celebrate Important First Year

By Mamie Legris

May, 1954, seems far away. Yet each minute of the past year stands out vividly! How well I remember saying the prayers for the travellers; kneeling in the rain for Father Callahan's blessing; listening to B's final message to me, the scared director of Maryhouse, as she whispered, "Fear not, Our Lady of the Yukon will keep you under Her mantle"; and finally driving out of the yard at Madonna House on that memorable Saturday morning, May 8, the feast of St. Michael.

Kay, Louie and I were on our way to the Yukon! It seemed so utterly impossible but it was true.

Great Days—Those

Now, a year later, I relive that trip. Each mile brought us new friends, acquainted a few more people with the Madonna House Apostolate, gave them a chance to contribute to our mission work, made us recipients of the warm hospitality of bishops, priests, sisters, and lay people, and brought us closer to our new home in Whitehorse.

There was the morning of June 13, when we left Father Desmarais' mission at Teslin, knowing that in a few hours we would reach journey's end and that St. Anthony's feast day would be the birthday of Maryhouse!

Then the ensuing months, the whole twelve of them, have been devoted to getting our house and work organized and helping here and there as the opportunity presented itself. Over two thousand meals have been given and over a thousand night's lodging have been provided in our hostel. The library, which now has over nine hundred books, is steadily growing. The monthly story hour provides entertainment for the children. The sick are visited. The Indian people are taken to Mass on Sunday. And a census of the Indian population has been taken.

Stories We Keep

There is another side of the Apostolate — the one we don't talk about because it is so precious and personal. It is the stories of human miseries — of souls in sin, broken homes, alcoholism, infidelity and almost despair; souls in need of understanding, love, encouragement, or just a listening ear. With a quick prayer for guidance and the right words, we try to help these unhappy people.

But always before us was our "Being" before the Lord — and so in the midst of each day's occupations there was our prayer life — morning meditation, daily Mass, Prime, spiritual reading, Compline, and Rosary. On the first Wednesday of every month we had our half-day of Recollection. During the winter, Father Triggs gave us part of our training course for the Staff — the

Big Course we called it in Combermere. More of it will be given later when the missionaries have the time.

The first three days of Holy Week were days of special graces for they were the days of our annual Retreat preached by Father Monnet, the Chancellor of this Vicariate. There was a peace and quiet about Maryhouse at that time and strangely enough it was the first time in four months that we had no one in our hostel.

Oh Promise Me!

At the close of the Retreat, Louie and I renewed our Promise of Stability for another two years. (Kay's promise doesn't expire 'til next year.) As we knelt in our chapel in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament and Father Triggs, and repeated the words, "I desire to place this offering of self at the feet of the Heavenly Father, through the Immaculate Heart of My Mother and the Sacred Heart of my Lord," we were very serious.

We realized what a tremendous vocation we were called to, and what a great responsibility rested on our weak shoulders. We prayed for holiness, strength, patience, and perseverance. Only when our chalice overflows can we help others.

Our house was specially blessed on the Feast of the Annunciation — for on that day, Louie made his profession in the Franciscan Third Order. It was a simple ceremony. Fr. Triggs, two Indian women who were our guests, and ourselves were present. I'm sure St. Francis was looking on, happy to see his Third Order spread to the Yukon.

Like Mama—Like Child

Throughout the year we have tried to follow the pattern of Friendship House, spiritually and physically as much as possible. There were times when Maryhouse bore little resemblance to anything. But in the end we had order out of chaos. There were ups and downs — both of which were consoling for we knew that God was trying us and blessing us. We have learned the value of a good hearty laugh in the midst of difficulties. A sense of humor is a must in the Apostolate.

There is deep gratitude in my heart too. I am grateful



for prayers, for donations of money and just everything you have sent us, for your continued interest and zeal in furthering our work and for your letters of encouragement. I am grateful to Father Francis Triggs, our Spiritual Advisor and Chaplain at Maryhouse for all he has been to us — and to all the other missionaries of the Vicariate for all they have done for us.

Three Lucky Ones

And last, but by no means least, I am grateful to His Excellency, Bishop Coudert, who has been a real spiritual father to us. We thank him very specially for the wonderful privilege of having the Blessed Sacrament in Maryhouse Chapel every day of the year and for having the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered here twice, and sometimes oftener, each week.

I can't think of three luckier people than the ones who left Madonna House in May, 1954, to work with the Oblate Missionaries in the Yukon and who found Christ waiting for them in Maryhouse Chapel.



ST-CONRAD

Weapons of The Spirit

By Catherine de Hueck

"THE TERRIBLE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HOPE AND THE WORLD'S FULFILLMENT HAS NEVER BEEN MORE STARKLY POINTED UP THAN AT THIS EASTER-TIME. WHILE THE CHURCH SINGS ALLELUIAS, EXULTING IN THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE, THE WORLD PREPARES FOR DEATH . . ." (Commonweal editorial, April 8th, 1955).

The words of this editorial were a sharp pointed lance that entered my heart and made it bleed slowly with the bloodless blood of my wounded spirit.

A Vibrant Voice

I looked into the long years stretching back and heard myself speak in a loud voice, a voice vibrant with an urgency that overcame its foreign accent, a voice burning with a desire to warn, to explain, to alert my audiences to the shadows of that death, which were so utterly invisible to them.

I am neither a prophet, nor a seeress. I am just an ordinary woman. But I belonged to that vast army of "refugees from Communism," that now has grown to such immense proportions.

I loved Canada and the U.S.A. with a passionate love and a gratitude that cannot be put into words. I longed to repay, be it even a little tiny part, the immense debt I owed this part of the world, which had given me welcome shelter, citizenship, understanding, and friendship. In a small measure, I would try to do this, because, having become a lecturer on the many platforms of both countries, I had access to many ears.

What did it matter that my words had a foreign accent? Love speaks in all accents. What did it matter that, being unfamiliar with the platform, and never having studied public speaking,

my words at first were halting, and my sentences not too well-formed? Love speaks through all words and all ways.

Wake Up! Wake Up!

Thirty-three years of lecturing are now behind me. And when I try to remember their content, I do not have to strain my memory, for all of them had but the one theme. All called upon my audiences to wake up from their sleep of complacency, to examine their consciences, to open their eyes and see that the makings of death were among them. Cosmic death! The death of a world!

I did not know anything about nuclear weapons, nor did I foresee, in anyway, nazism and the other tragic "isms" that since have reared their heads in our tragic world. All I knew was that a diabolic force was loose in the world; that it fed on the sins of omission and commission of Christian nations and peoples, that its name was Communism, that it was an idea, and that bullets do not kill ideas, but better ideas do.

I knew too that we Catholics held in our sinful hands the fullness of Truth . . . that each one of us was an apostle of it . . . and that we had to restore ourselves first, and then the world, to Christ . . . or perish!

Here's The Answer

I knew also that poverty, social injustice, greed, selfishness in low and high places, hatred, and prejudices were the fodder that fed this force . . . and that love of God and neighbor, hunger for justice, poverty — of spirit at least — and the living of the Gospel by those who proclaimed publicly their allegiance to it, was the answer to this doctrine of despair, of absolute void, and of degradation.

I called for a true armament WITH THE WEAPONS OF THE SPIRIT. And I

(Continued on Page Four)

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WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

MARY — THE WOMAN CLOTHED WITH THE SUN ... THE MOON BENEATH HER FEET ... TWELVE STARS FOR A CROWN ... MORE TERRIBLE THAN AN ARMY IN BATTLE ARRAY.

In the soft gentle month of May we are apt to forget this awesome picture of Mary. Yet it would do us good to remember it. The crown of roses, that customarily is used this gay and beautiful month had thorns. This year they are longer, and sharper than in years past ... and must bring to her memory that crown her Son was crowned with in the early hours of Good Friday morning.

Compassionate to the end, she, our constant intercessor, has pleaded our cause before the Uncreated Three for centuries. For us she has received reprieve after reprieve. The last was at Fatima.

But the reprieve was not without conditions. PRAYER AND MORTIFICATION, according to our state in life, were asked of us Catholics of the world. Have we complied? Is our compliance so evident that a new spirit is flooding the world? A spirit of sorrow for our sins? A spirit of reparation to the Most Sacred Heart of her Son, so deeply wounded by them?

What of our spirit of prayer? Is it lifting us, and the world with us, in a storm of supplication and love to the feet of the Father? Are our churches so crowded that morning and night there is standing room only?

The answer seems negative. And the world is hurling ever faster and faster to its strange doom—annihilation. And the face of the gentle Virgin seems to change!

Slowly she grows in stature. Slowly the sun clothes her in its brilliancy. Humbly the moon moves to become her footstool. And stars arrange themselves, trembling, to form a crown of surpassing beauty around her regal head.

Now indeed she has become the Queen of Heaven and of the Universe, and her face begins to reflect the Holy Anger of the Father, Who folds the hands of His Mercy and begins to unloosen the hands of His Justice.

Is she to be the spear of that justice? Is she to be the fiery arrow of His bow ... this WOMAN CLOTHED WITH THE SUN ... THE MOON BENEATH HER FEET ... AND STARS FOR A CROWN?

If she is ... then woe is to us ... For indeed she is more powerful than an army in battle arrayed ... THE MOTHER OF THE FORGOTTEN ... THE MOCKED ... THE DESPISED ... THE DENIED GOD.

Let it never come to pass that we have the VIRGIN MOST POWERFUL against us ... because we have not heeded her gentle pleadings ... her miraculous apparitions ... her constant and besieging requests ... which were made because SHE LOVED US SO.

Let us remember in this gentle, fragrant month of May, that she never spoke a useless word. Silence was her dwelling. Silence was her cloak. Silence was her companion. That is why HER WORDS CARRY THE IMMENSE WEIGHT OF INCARNATED TRUTH ... IT BEHOOVES US TO LISTEN TO THEM ... AND TO IMPLEMENT THEM INTO OUR DAILY LIVES!

THE TIME IS NOW.

Let us this May then begin, once more, a life lived in Her ... which she will lift to her Divine Son. The fruits of such a life will be the PEACE WE YEARN SO FOR.

MARY, QUEEN OF PEACE, TEACH US THE ROADS TO PEACE.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

Mamie Legris, in her story about the Yukon, speaks of the "prayers for the travellers" which were said for her and Louis Stoeckle and Kathleen O'Herin when they left Madonna House last May. And at other times and in other places some things have been said about these prayers. People who have been guests at Madonna House know all about them. But there are people — incredible as you may think it — who have never been at Madonna House, and who never have heard anything at all about the prayers for the travellers.

God Speed

It is a simple thing, an old custom, a routine practice here; but one that has never yet been dulled by use or repetition.

When a guest is leaving, and the hour of departure is known, everybody gathers to say farewell. There may be twenty or thirty people around the one going away — or the couple, or the group, that is departing. There is a solemn moment, a moment of recollection, a moment of sadness and seriousness and deep solemnity.

And then Catherine, or her assistant, or perhaps a priest, will say the old prayer:

"May Our Lady cover you with the blue mantle of her love and keep you safe, and bring you first to your earthly home, and then to that of her Son in heaven."

Blessed Martin de Porres is also invoked, and the Angel Rafael, and St. Christopher, and St. Joseph Cupertino, and other saints — sometimes — especially those devoted to travelers and travelling.

Goody Goodbyes

When there is a priest in the gathering everybody kneels for his blessing. Then the big bell starts ringing, and a handbell is rung with it; and everybody sings a hymn to Our Lady as the car starts down the path to the gate.

"Your goodbyes," one guest said, "are gooeey. But I love 'em."

Now all this may seem silly to a lot of people. But we don't mind that. Our prayers go with the guest. As he turns onto the road he may see one of our signs "God Speed, Come Again." But the prayers go even further than that. They travel with him, even when he's doing sixty or seventy or eighty.

You probably wouldn't believe all the letters we get from guests who have had "near accidents" on the road home; and have come through them without a scratch. So there would be no point in letting you read them.

The Blue Mantle

Cars have gone off the road — just in time to escape colliding head-on with some tremendous truck driven by a drunk or sleepy driver. Cars have come out of accidents which should have junked them, with only a dent or two in a fender. And some cars have been wrecked, but not while they were occupied by those we prayed for.

One after reading these letters, cannot doubt the fact that Our Lady does spread her blue mantle over those who have been to Madonna House, and who have



I AM THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

left with prayer.

But once — just once that I remember — a guest left here without any prayer at all. He had been here a long time, and had witnessed many goodbyes — had, in fact, participated in most of them. He too thought they were "gooeey." He decided that when he left he would go without all this fuss, all this bell-ringing and praying and singing of hymns.

So Long! Hello!

So, early one morning, he climbed into his car and started on his way. He was brought back to us some hours later, with several bandages on him, and the smell of powerful drugs hovering about him.

"I can't understand it," he said. "I was going along all right. The car was old, but it was working perfectly. I was feeling fine. It was a beautiful day. The road was clear. I wasn't going fast. I was enjoying the morning and the scenery too much to drive fast. Besides I wasn't in any hurry. And then, all of a sudden, and for no reason at all, the car was bent on suicide!"

"It was headed for the edge of the road, and down a steep embankment. And there was nothing I could do about it. Absolutely nothing! I don't think I was scared. I do remember thinking 'This is it!' I sure thought I was going to be killed."

Wheel Wouldn't Wrestle

"Did I wrestle with the wheel? Boy! I did my best; but it didn't mean anything. The wheel wouldn't wrestle me. The car was beyond any management. It went over the edge and down. How I got out of it, and how I escaped with only these few cuts, I still don't know."

The car was a total wreck. There was nothing left of it worth saving. Nothing! Our friend just crawled away from it, when he had strength enough to crawl. A motorist, seeing him climb back over the edge of the cliff and onto the road, stopped, and took him to the nearest First Aid station. Another driver brought him to Madonna House after his injuries had been attended to.

He stayed with us for several more weeks — until he was completely recovered. And before our car took him to the bus, he insisted we say the prayers for the travellers. He didn't want any more experience with unblest departure.

It may be gooeey — but you can't say phooey!

The B's Corner

"What are you trying to say in Restoration?", I was asked during a recent discussion period on the Apostolate of Madonna House. Various friends then expressed their ideas as to what they thought RESTORATION should be, and should have to say. Many found fault. With interest I listened.

We were vague. We were "general," meaning we did not pursue a definite policy about any phase of the Apostolate. We seemed to be meandering at leisure in the endless ways of Christian thought. Sometimes we seemed to stop and pluck this or that flower of devotion, to tell our readers about. At other times we made up fairy tales. Yet again we might speak forcefully enough on some abstract subject.

With Both Ears

On the whole we were highly "personalized," seeing that the paper was mostly Doherty (Eddie and I) and staff-written.

I kept listening, my interest growing by the minute, for constructive criticisms are rare.

And slowly I clarified many things to myself. Clearly, I saw, that, in a manner of speaking, we were not even trying to fulfill the duties of a NEWS-PAPER, for we most assuredly were not giving our readers any "news." Neither of world events, did we write, nor of "important people."

Yet I knew that nevertheless we did have a NEWS-PAPER ... FOR WE WRITE CONSTANTLY, AND CAUSE TO BE PUBLISHED, THE GREATEST NEWS OF ALL! THE GLAD NEWS THAT NEVER GROWS OLD; THAT HAS TO BE TOLD AND RETOLD CONSTANTLY. THE GOSPEL NEWS ... THAT GOD'S KINGDOM IS AT HAND.

I knew too that this news must be given in any manner appropriate, and made understandable to our readers.

So long as one wrote in accordance with "FAITH AND MORALS," he could use any form. The important thing was to bring the principles of the Gospel to our readers.

What if it was done in essay form, in story form, or in the highly personalized style we use to tell of our Apostolate? By ourselves, we, most assuredly are not news-worthy.

This Is News?

But God has called us to a certain new-old vocation. In this, we, ordinary lay people, leaving our families and homes, have come together, not to desert the world but to stay right in it while practicing poverty, chastity, obedience, and stability to our Apostolate. We devote our whole time to the Social Apostolate of the Church under official invitation and "mandate" from the heads of various dioceses.

In itself this state of affairs is "news." The doings of many Secular Institutes, Lay Apostolates, etc., are dutifully reported in the so-called "Big" daily or weekly papers. Yet Catholics desire to know more about such Apostolates. Proof? Our growing subscription list.

As the discussion waxed warm, I still kept clarifying my own attitudes. This (Continued on Page Three)

COMBERMERE

By K. K.

Though it is May, and we are busy with the gardens, memories of April still linger with us. For the Easter Holiday, and especially Holy Week are memorable days in the Madonna House Apostolate.

The yearly retreat of the Staff Workers, takes place during Holy Week and lasts three days. At the end of these three days, promises are made in the chapel. This is followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and the giving of the Cross to the new members.

Our Constitution at present calls for a probationary term of 6 to 8 months. During this time the applicants test their vocation and study its implications. After the retreat, both sides . . . the directorate of the Apostolate and the applicants . . . being sure, a yearly promise of Stability to the Apostolate of Madonna House is taken. This implies a life of poverty, chastity, and obedience. Those making the promise receive, on that day, the only outward sign of their holy vocation, a simple silver cross with the words PAX and CARITAS engraved on it.

One Year, Two, Life

At the same time, those of the Staff Workers who come up for their renewal of promises — renew them. Seven years, and the time of their "probation" are given them to make sure of their holy vocation to the Lay Apostolate of Madonna House. The promises follow a simple pattern. One year first. Then three two-year promises. Then a promise for life.

To us therefore, Holy Week, the retreat, and the arrival of PROMISE DAY is really glorious; and not soon to be forgotten.

After the Staff's retreat, Catherine Doherty, the foundress and director of the movement in Canada, makes a day of recollection and retreat by herself. When she emerges from it, new appointments are made.

This year, she appointed Miss Teresa Fazakerley and Mr. James Murphy to be Staff Workers in Edmonton, to work with Miss Dorothy Phillips there, in our new

foundation, Marian Center, which takes care of transient men in that oil boom city.

They left for their destination on May 15th of this year. Pray for them.

Other Appointments

Miss Marie Terese Langlois has been officially appointed Assistant Director of Madonna House, and Richard Parker, Director of Men.

All this happened against a beautiful liturgical background of Holy Week and Easter week services — and with liturgical food. So is it a wonder that — as we plant a new apple orchard on our new St. Ann's farm, and set between the trees nice raspberry bushes — we think of April and the growth of the apostolate. Surely in the last three years it has grown immensely. For we have now 19 Staff Workers and three foundations.

Mary House, Whitehorse, Y.T.; Marian Center, Edmonton, Alta., and Madonna House, Combermere. Where shall we go next? The "B," as we call Mrs. Doherty, dreams of Japan, India, Brazil, Germany . . . but then she always had immense dreams in the service of the Lord. It is said that such dreams come true . . . we just hoe and hope.

And there is truly much to hoe, and to clean, and to plant. Asparagus beds are coming up. The new field behind St. Martha's will hold more vegetables this year. But the center of interest is the new St. Ann's farm. There, beside the orchard and berry patches, we aim to plant some wonderful potato fields.

The new piglets are due to arrive any day . . . six of them. They are so cute when small. The new chicks also are due.

Summer is upon us . . . and, with it, Summer School. Five weeks of exciting times. HAVE YOU MADE YOUR RESERVATION YET? HURRY UP. REGISTRATION IS HEAVY THIS YEAR. WRITE FOR YOUR PROSPECTUS TO MISS MARY RUTH, MADONNA HOUSE, COMBERMERE, ONT., CANADA, AND HAVE A NICE CATHOLIC VACATION.

THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

brought me to the second point. PRINCIPLES.

After twenty-five years of experience in just such small, monthly newspapers as Restoration, I feel most strongly that their duty is constantly to repeat the PRINCIPLES underlying THE APOSTOLATE.

Live The "News"

The Apostolate is THE GOSPEL LIVED.

THE GLAD NEWS MUST BE ABSORBED INTO THE MINDS, SOULS, AND HEARTS OF THE APOSTLES OF THE MARKET PLACE. THIS NEWS MUST first be READ in newsprint. Then it must be SEEN, and, if need be, TOUCHED.

Such writing interests people because it is unusual in its directness and simplicity. Then it makes them think, which brings them to a "close-up," either by a letter or a personal visit. This often leads to a re-examination of conscience, with the result that one may really live the GOSPEL NEWS.

And Love The News

Clearly I saw that RESTORATION is but the extension of our WITNESSING TO CHRIST. Not eloquently. Not in this detail nor that. No. But in the essence of the Gospel.

I realized that we are LOVERS OF GOD . . . AND AS SUCH, CAN NOT TRULY TALK ABOUT MUCH ELSE BUT LOVE AND LOVING . . . FOR WHERE LOVE IS, GOD IS!

GOD IS LOVE. AND IF WE ALL BEGAN TO LOVE AS WE SHOULD, THE REST WOULD FOLLOW.

It became clear that we have been consistently talking of GOD AND LOVE . . . have tried to WITNESS TO THIS LOVE AND LOVING, and have shared with our neighbors (our readers) as best we could, that LOVE AND THAT LOVING — for love unshared dies. Love is fecund . . . just because it is love. LOVE BEGETS LOVE.

Even Editors Dream

True, Restoration is "Doherty and Staff-written." But that is just temporarily so. Some day, when God sees fit, in His time not ours, we will have the facilities to make RESTORATION an eight-page paper. Then we will have to increase our staff.

Also we shall solicit many others to write for us on this inexhaustible theme — THE BEING BEFORE THE LORD

THE LOVE OF THE LORD . . . THE LOVING HIM BACK . . . AND THE DOING FOR HIM BECAUSE LOVE URGES US TO PROVE OUR LOVE BY LOVING OUR NEIGHBOR.

In the meantime we will remain a simple little newspaper, content to bring its readers the Glad Tidings of the Gospel; and to share with them our slow and somewhat clumsy way of living this GLAD NEWS, so that, together, we may grow in the LOVE OF HIM WHO GAVE THE NEWS TO US AT THE PRICE OF HIS LIFE.

Just as I prepared myself to state all these answers to the questions asked me, another thought struck me forcibly.

RESTORATION has given the Catholic world several books . . . MY HAY AIN'T IN . . . DEAR SISTER . . . DEAR SEMINARIAN . . . WHERE LOVE IS, GOD IS. They all originally were published in this paper.

Christian principles are worth talking about, praying about, writing about. They have a way of witnessing to Christ, especially when lived, that has no equal.



Hail Holy Queen

(Feast of the Queenship of Mary—May 31st)

By Rev. Eugene Cullinane

Slowly
With the breaking of the day
It dawned on me
That Mary is the one
Who lifts the sun
So tenderly
From out the slumb'ring
shadows
And the sleepy night
Of its repose.

"And do you know," she
whispered,
"Why the sun,
In rising,
Blushes so?"

I answered: "No."

"It is the burning glow,"
She said,
"Of nature's tender feeling
For her Queen;
It is her morning masterpiece,
Revealing
By a faint reflection
My undying love and deep
affection
For the universe
And you."

O, Heart of Man!
How much longer must She
wait

For you to penetrate
Into this hidden secret
Of the universe?
Why can you not see
The greatness of your destiny?
It is your heart
That God has made and set
apart,
To be, in sheer perfection,
The sublime reflection
Of Her Heart,
Which God, in turn, has set
apart
To be the perfect mirror
Of His Own.

O, cold and heartless heart
of man!
What tragedy has brought
you

To this awesome state
Of unreflection
Where you are outdone
Even by the rising sun?
Why can you too not reflect
The warmth,
The burning glow,
The flame
That is the Loving Heart
Of Her
Who rules with queenly
grace
And Sov'reign power
Over the mountains
And the seas,
The flowers and trees,
The insects, birds, and
beasts,
The stars,
The moon,
The sun,
And EVERYTHING!

O, heart of man! Arise
From out the lifeless tomb
Of that atomic doom
Which your poor mind
Has fashioned
For the universe.

Turn
From hate and strife.
Burn
With love of Her
Who is God's Masterpiece
For man.
The Mother of Fair Love,
The Queen and Mother of
mankind.
She is your LIFE,
Your SWEETNESS
And your ONLY HOPE!

Russian Review

By Catherine Doherty

From the very heart of Christendom, from Rome, came to my desk the other day a small twelve page publication entitled RUSSIAN REVIEW, published by the PONTIFICAL RUSSIAN COLLEGE. This is the heart of the Church's long range program of implementing Our Lady's desires for the conversion of Russia. The Pontifical College, little known in North America, is the training ground of future priests for the Russian Apostolate.

There they study the language and customs, the Eastern Rites, the chant, the history, mores, and all else that goes into the making of such men. And so much does. The amazing thing is that to its ranks come men from all the world, men who have been given this unique, holy vocation, and who are willing to spend long tiring years in all kinds of studies to extend the Kingdom of God in a country they cannot yet enter . . . to preach to people they have yet to learn all about. Truly a miracle of God's infinite grace!

Anything published by these men is worth reading. I read, slowly and hopefully. For in the thirty-three years of my life in North America I have seen many "apostolates" start to inform Americans about Russia and arouse their interest in that country. Few have succeeded. It takes specialists to do it.

I was not disappointed. The RUSSIAN REVIEW is good. It speaks in accents of authoritative knowledge. It "delivers the goods." My heart rejoiced . . . for such a publication truly is long overdue.

Then I noticed a letter enclosed with the Review. It asked if I would mind becoming their agent for Canada. Indeed I would not! The conversion of Russia is my burning dream and desire. I immediately answered the letter, and I now may officially state that we of Madonna House will be glad to accept subscriptions to one of the most informative general reviews on Russia that is available to everyone, and understandable by everyone, on this Continent.

The subscription price is ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR. If you desire to get your copy, air mail, from Rome, the cost would be \$3.00 per year. Individual copies sell at 15 cents. The paper is invaluable for study clubs, Parish discussion groups, high schools, colleges, and for other groups and individuals interested in Russia.

Help the PONTIFICAL RUSSIAN COLLEGE of Rome to spread the TRUTH ABOUT RUSSIA! — They have it. It will hasten the day of Russia's "coming home" to the Lord.

Send your subscription for THE RUSSIAN REVIEW directly to VIA CARLO 2-F, ROME, ITALY, or TO MADONNA HOUSE, COMBERMERE, ONT., CANADA. Get a gift subscription for your friends . . . your daughter's or son's school . . . EVERYONE IS INTERESTED IN RUSSIA TODAY . . . LET THE TRUTH ABOUT IT BE KNOWN.



poverty is the face of Christ

An Easter Meditation

RABONI . . . I see You, Gardener of my soul, in splendor clad . . . and yet my heart is heavy . . . for I behold Your beauty unsurpassed in a thousand hungry faces . . . AND I HAVE EMPTY HANDS!

RABONI . . . the Alleluias of my joy make jonquil carpets for Your pierced feet . . . and yet my heart weeps before the thousand wounds that cover You in the cold and naked who stand so silently before . . . MY EMPTY HANDS.

RABONI . . . my eyes are dazzled by Your resurrected glory . . . LUMEN CHRISTI . . . and yet my heart beholds the black night of Your loneliness in the forsaken who wait for help from . . . MY EMPTY HANDS.

RABONI . . . the fragrance of Your unguents brings ecstasy to me . . . yet the bitter-sour smell of Your poverty is wafted to me from the endless line of the pinched, gray faces of the poor. They cry to me, from many places, without words. My answer to

them is just a display of . . . EMPTY HANDS.

RABONI . . . exultant is my soul with songs of gratitude and joy at the conquest of death by You, Lord . . . Yet I see your blood-stained face so still in Mary's hands . . . in the poor dead! How can I be your Nicodemus and bury them . . . with EMPTY HANDS?

RABONI . . . WILL YOU ONCE MORE ENTER THROUGH THE CLOSED DOOR OF HUMAN HEARTS . . . AND SHOW THEM YOUR WOUNDS? YOUR PIERCED AND LOVING HEART? AND MAKE THEM SEE THEY STILL MUST BELIEVE YOUR WORDS . . . AND YOU! FOR YOU HAVE SAID . . . THAT ALL THAT IS DONE TO THE LEAST OF YOUR BRETHREN IS DONE TO YOU! THEN . . . PERHAPS . . . THEY WILL OPEN THEIR HEARTS AND PURSES . . . AND FILL MY EMPTY HANDS . . . WITH SILVER AND GOLD THAT WILL ALLOW US TO—FEED THE HUNGRY . . . CLOTHE THE NAKED . . . HOUSE THE FORSAKEN . . . BURY THE DEAD.

RABONI . . . RABONI . . . PLEASE!

Give

and it
shall be
given to
you

"Lady of Combermere" Finds Family A Home

A visitor from Toronto may have "started something."

"When I was here last," he said, "I heard a lot about 'Our Lady of Combermere.' Of course I knew you made up the title, and all that. But, just the same, when I went home and learned that we had to get a new place to live, I began thinking seriously.

"No Kids Allowed!"

"We have five children. We needed a house. We couldn't buy one. We had to rent a place. And you know the housing situation in

Toronto, and you know the impossibility of getting a place that would shelter a family with five children. We had three weeks to get out of our old place. And there was nothing indefinite about that.

"So we started praying to Our Lady of Combermere. On the seventh day of our novena we got the house, a fine house, a suitable house, and at a decent rent! And within three weeks we had settled ourselves there. If this is the first favor granted by the Lady of Combermere, make the most of it. My children pray to her now constantly."

Ten Dollar Bill

The same visitor added a news item. A certain priest known as "the softest touch in Toronto," gave one of the brothers Christopher a good

meal and a \$2 bill a week or so ago. The man seemed overcome with gratitude. But he returned a few days later, and told such a strange hard luck story the priest could not believe him. The fellow wept. He reached for his hanky, and with it came a \$10 bill.

The bill fell to the floor. The priest swooped on it. He blazed with anger. So the man was a fake! He was the kind that threw suspicion on all honest beggars! The priest decided to teach him a lesson. He pocketed the bill and gave the man \$8. That evening, he said. But he was wrong. He discovered that the next day. That bill was counterfeit!

(Thought you might like to know about this chap, Father. He might be coming to YOUR rectory one of these days.)

Blessed are the Peacemakers



For They Shall Be Called the Children of God

WEAPONS OF THE SPIRIT

(Continued from Page One)

said . . . because I had seen such "death" with my own eyes in my own land . . . that unless we Christians armed ourselves with these weapons — we, and the world we know, would be destroyed.

The record of my lectures began in 1923. The Commonwealth's editorial is dated April, 1955. And the "death" I spoke of, in symbolic and realistic terms, is upon us.

We have nuclear weapons. So has the enemy. The barely visible shadow of the twenties has become the dark stygian night of the fifties!

Ashes And Alleluias!

And still, in the infinite mercy of God, THERE IS TIME TO ARM OURSELVES WITH THE WEAPONS OF THE SPIRIT, WITH AN ALLELUIA OF GRATITUDE FOR THE REDEMPTION, OF WHICH EACH EASTER IS AN EXULTANT PROOF, WE MUST, THIS FATEFUL YEAR, RESORT TO THE SACKCLOTH AND ASHES OF REPENTANCE. WE MUST EXAMINE OUR INDIVIDUAL AND COLLECTIVE CONSCIENCES, TURN OUR FACES TO GOD, AND, HEEDING THE VOICE OF HIS VICAR, BEGIN TO ARM OURSELVES WITH THE WEAPONS OF THE SPIRIT . . . THEY ALONE

CAN WIN FOR US THE VICTORY OUR SMALL NUMBERS AND OUR FRIGHTENED HEARTS DARE BARELY HOPE FOR.

LET US LIVE THE GOSPEL. LET US SHOW THE WORLD THAT CHRISTIANS STILL LOVE ONE ANOTHER. LET US BEGIN TO BE OUR BROTHERS' KEEPERS IN THE FULL, PERSONAL, SOCIAL, NATIONAL, AND INTERNATIONAL SENSE OF THE WORD. LET US BEGIN TO LEARN HOW TO LOVE, SO THAT, IF NEED BE, WE MAY LEARN HOW TO DIE OF SUCH LOVE FOR OUR FRIENDS . . . FOR GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN! IF WE DO THIS . . . DARKNESS WILL BECOME LIGHT . . . AND DEATH WILL BECOME LIFE.

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To Honor St. Joseph

The Clerics of St. Viator, at Otterburne, Manitoba, ask you to join the "Perpetual Devotion to St. Joseph" and to spread this devotion wherever you may. The associates consecrate one day a year to the great saint. "It is a matter," the Viatorians say, "of dedicating in a particular manner a certain day to honor St. Joseph, offering everything — sacrifices, prayers, communion, Mass, work, meals, vexations, sufferings and joys, through St. Joseph—thinking of him frequently during the day or invoking him at frequent intervals . . . etc." Members are assured that "each day of the year thousands of people will pray for them, and they can also gain precious indulgences granted the arch-confraternity." It costs nothing to join. Nothing later on. Those interested are asked to write the Viatorian Fathers at Otterburne.

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